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The RECOVERY of the SIGHT

O F

The Celebrated Mr. H A N D E L,

B Y

The C H E V A L I E R T A Y L O R.

FROM the Hill of *Parnassus* adjourning in State,
On its Rival, Mount *Pleasant*, the Muses were fate;
When *Euterpe*, soft Pity inciting her Breast,
Ere the Concert begun, thus *Apollo* address'd:

" Great Father of Music and every Science,
" In all our Distresses, on Thee our Reliance;
" Know then in yon Villa, from Pleasures confin'd,
" Lies our Favourite, *Handel*, afflicted and blind.

" For him who hath travers'd the Cycle of Sound,
" And spread thy harmonious Strains the World round,
" Thy Son *Æsculapius*' Art we implore,
" The Blessing of Sight with a Touch to restore."

Strait *Apollo* replied: " He already is there;
" By Mortals call'd, *TAYLOR*, and dubb'd Chevalier;
" Who to *Handel* (and Thousands besides him) shall give
" All the Blessings that Sight in Old Age can receive.

" By Day the sweet Landscape shall play in the Eye,
" And Night her gay Splendors reflect from the Sky;

" Or behold a more brilliant *Galaxy* near,
" Where *H—n*, *B—y*, and *P—t* appear.

" But far greater Transports their Moments beguile,
" Who now catch their Infants reciprocal Smile:
" While *S—pe*, for Sweetness of Temper ador'd,
" Partakes in the Joy of each Patient restor'd.

" Hence the Barking of *Envy* shall now be soon o'er,
" And *Jealousy* raise her false Cavils no more;
" For the Wise will think Facts, the most stubborn of Things,
" When testify'd too, by Dukes, Princes, and Kings.

" And could he from One (far the Best) meet Regard,
" To experience his Art and his Merit reward;
" He again my Sons Altars with Incense would crown,
" And to his own Realms fix immortal Renown."

This said: They their Instruments tun'd; and begun
A Cantata, in Praise of their President's Son:
Then with *Handel's* Concerto concluding the Day,
To *Parnassus* they took their aerial Way.

Mr J. H. H. H.
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